



Woman ' send me a quarrel
the bill.

London Wm. Cox 1874

A new song call'd the

CHIMNEY SWEEPERS WEDDING

Come all you pretty fair maids so brisk & so merry
From 18 to 20 that's now going for to marry,
As for myself I am afraid I must tarry,
For dear knows in my heart I would be thankful to
get any.

CHORUS—

With my ring total my ring totalady,
I have a little sister Ellen she is younger than I am
She has got so many sweet-hearts she is going to deny
them,
As for myself I have not got so many,
Dear knows in my heart I'd be thankful for any.

At the age of 15 she was love'd & for-aken,
At the age of 17 for a brice she was taken,
At the age of 19 she had a son & daughter,
I am sweet 45 & I never got another,

I was told by a prophet I was told by my mother,
That by going to a wedding I'd soon get another,
I thought it myself I would go without biding,
Dear knows in my heart I'm longing for my wedding,

If I had a good husband I would not be jealous
He would earn money plenty & spend it in the alehouse
While he would be drinking sure I would be spending
Judge me young men ahut I worth of having

Come landmen & peasants brewers or bakers
Pedlers fiddlers pipers tailors & weavers,
Ragmen or bagmen foolish or witty,
Will you let me die a maid wont you marry me for pitty

Neither landmen or peasants brewers or bakers
Fiddlers pipers tailors or weavers,
Rag or madmen foolish or witty,
Until an old chimney sweeper married her for pitty,

So now he has got her he rifles her coarss,
Each night he rows her in his black sooty arms
Now that he got her he swears he will keep her,
She rolls in the arms of the black chimney weeper